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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 7.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE second *soirée* occurred on Friday. The rooms of Mr. Erat were more crowded than on any previous occasion. Things are evidently looking up with the "British Musicians." It is no longer considered a mere *duty* to attend their concerts—it is regarded as a pleasure. The press, too, has resolutely taken up the cause, and its advocacy has not been without good effect. Such papers as the *Times*, *Post*, and *Herald*,* have thought it worth while to devote a considerable space to a review of each of the *soirées* already given. This, while it says much for the feeling of those respected prints, says more for the judgment of the committee, in renewing those meetings which have already produced results so beneficial. The programme of Friday night's performances presented some capital features—though, as a whole, inferior to that of the first meeting. It was as follows:—

Trio (MS.) Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Miss Orger, Messrs. Case and Hancock; Caroline Orger. Air, "Oh! that the voice of Love," Miss Cubitt (Belshazzar's Feast); J. Henry Griesbach. Song, "Rough wind that moanest loud (No. 11 of the Vocal Illustrations of Shelley), Mr. Seguin; J. W. Davison. Quartet in G minor (MS.) Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. Case,

* The *Chronicle*, as usual, is asleep. The doings of the whole body of "British Artists" are not considered worthy the attention of that liberal paper.

Thirlwall, Hill, and Hancock (first time of performance); H. Graves. Duet, "O'er shepherd's pipe," Miss Cubitt and Mr. Seguin (Jonu of Arc); Balfe. Romance (MS.), "Yes, thou art chang'd," Miss H. Groom (first time of performance); C. E. Stephens. Trio, in B flat, Op. 11, Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Violoncello, Messrs. R. Barnett, Bowley, and W. L. Phillips; Beethoven. Trio, "Sleep, gentle lady," Miss Cubitt, Miss H. Groom, and Mr. Seguin; Sir H. R. Bishop. Nonetto, Op. 31, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, Contra Basso, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, Messrs Thirlwall, Hill, W. L. Phillips, C. Severn, Clinton, Nicholson, Bowley, Callcott, and Keating; Spohr. The songs accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr J. W. Davison. Director for the Evening, Mr C. E. Horsley.

We unfortunately came too late to hear the *Trio* of Miss Orger—but we have favourable recollections of its performance last year—and in the hands of Mr. Case, Mr. Hancock, and the fair composer, we were not surprised to hear that it went well, and was received with warm approval, on Friday night. It is a pleasant thing to consider a lady-composer, even when her efforts do not greatly aspire—but it is doubly gratifying to find one, who like Miss Orger, writes sensibly and cleverly in the highest departments of art. Mr. Griesbach's *Air* has the merit of being eminently *vocal*, and Miss Cubitt did it ample justice. This young lady is making great advances in public favour—and deservedly so; she has improved both in voice and style, and promises speedily to reach eminence. Mr. W. Seguin is always welcome to musicians. The management of his voice, the certainty of his execution, and the absence of all affectation in his style, equally bespeak the thoughtful artist and the true vocalist. His delivery of "Rough wind that moanest loud," was remarkable for a thorough com-

prehension of the composer's meaning. The continuous feeling and unbroken *tempo*, without which, the song in question loses whatever effect may belong to its proper interpretation, were understood and adopted by Mr. W. Seguin, in a manner worthy all commendation. The *quartet* of Mr. Graves was played admirably by Case, Thirlwall, Hill, and Hancock. Of course one or two slight *hitches* occurred; but on the first performance of a new work this is hardly to be wondered at. Mr. Graves shows great improvement in this composition. The design of each movement is clearer, and the development more masterly, than in any thing we have previously listened to from his pen. The *scherzo*, especially, a short spirited movement *à la Haydn*, won general approval, and was encored—a compliment extorted in an equal ratio by composer and performers. Mr. Balfe's duet was very effectively rendered by Miss Cubitt and Mr. Seguin, but not being the composition of a member (Mr. Balfe being too great a man to belong to the "Society of British Musicians"), and having no mentionable attraction of its own, we think it was altogether out of place in this programme. If we are to have Balfe, on the strength of his repute, and in spite of his Anti-British prepossessions—let us at least have "*Vive le Roi*"—"I dreamt that I dwelt"—"The light of other days"—or something in which the merits are at once and without difficulty, perceptible. Mr. Stephens' *Romance* is highly creditable to him as a vocal composer. Its style is unpretending—but the feeling of the words is conveyed in its full intensity. Miss Groom sang it charming-

ly;—but why so nervous, young lady?—You positively have no occasion for being afraid;—rely upon yourself a little more firmly—and your successful progress is certain. The *trio* of Beethoven was superbly played by Robert Barnett, Bowley, and Lovell Phillips. We always listen with pleasure to Mr. Barnett—because his style is natural and pure, while it neither lacks energy nor brilliant colouring, when required. The *trio* of Beethoven is one of his least elaborate efforts—but how delightful are these least elaborate efforts of the least elaborate (though perhaps most sublime) of all the great masters! The first and second movements sparkle with genius, and the *finale* is one of those clever and fanciful variation movements in which Beethoven excelled every composer. The clarinet and violoncello of Messrs. Bowley and Lovell Phillips were all that could be desired—full of point, and instinct with the true expression required by the music. Bishop's somewhat unimportant *trio* was so well given by the vocalists as to elicit an encore. The *Nonetto* of Spohr, a chef-d'œuvre of elaborate instrumentation, overflowing with graceful melody and passages of the utmost elegance, was the great feature of the evening. It was capitally played, under the guidance of Mr. Thirlwall, who took the violin, and rapturously applauded throughout. The third *soirée* comes off on Friday, Nov. 15, when we trust to see as crowded and intelligent an auditory as on the present occasion.

J. W. D.

THE POWER OF MUSIC, BY FLORENCE C. MESSUM.

Mark! in those wild impassioned eyes
There burns the flame that never dies;
The lamp of genius, glowing bright,
And lovely, when all else, is night.
His soul is dark for hopes day o'er;
Her sun-light blesses him no more.
In frenzied love he speaks her name,
And calls her to his heart—in vain!
The shaft is snapped he leant upon!
The bark is wreck'd—the rainbow wan!
The dream—the tinsel dream is lost!
And oh! his mind is tempest toss'd!
Those eyes intense are hidden now,
By the pale hands clasp'd o'er his brow;
"Their last expression seem'd to say,
To me what is this sweet spring day!"

"There's peace on high, on earth, and sea,
But when will my heart's sabbath be?
Would that my soul were free to roam
Through the boundless depths of that sapphire,
Up in the midst of all things pure,
Breath, light, and love! Shall I endure
These bounds? How long? Ye dark thoughts say,
Shall my spirit melt this hour away?
Shall I wake where golden clouds roll e'er,
And night be night to me no more?"
Just then a stream of melody
Came floating from the distant sea—
It reach'd his ear—the spell worked on,
Like change from night to morning's dawn,
And then from noon to noonday sun!
Oh Music! thy sweet task is done.
The Artist rais'd his head—he wept,
And felt hope was not dead, but slept.
Strong, beautiful, restored, she wakes!
Her azure wings before him shakes;
And thus by Music's soft control,
Brought home to that benighted soul.
May ne'er again her light grow dim!
Oh! that she may be true to him!

Oct. 18, 1844.

BEETHOVEN'S MOUNT OF OLIVES.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE "Mount of Olives" was composed in the year 1800, before its great author had completely formed his style. Though all he wrote evinced the undoubted hand of genius, it was not until after the composition of his celebrated symphony in D major (No. 2 of the glorious nine), that Beethoven entirely threw off all semblance of early impressions, and established himself as a writer, who, while equal to any, was unlike any that had preceded him. In 1802, the wonderful *Sinfonia Eroica* burst upon the world like a new language. In this extraordinary inspiration we can find no trace of Haydn or Mozart—all is fresh and new—all is imaginative and grand. Henceforward, Beethoven was Beethoven. He had invented a style—he had won for himself a place beside Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, as a creative genius; he knew that his works were destined for immortality, and he wrote with that conviction. The "Mount of Olives," therefore, comes within the first of the two sections into which the artistic career of Beethoven may be divided. It is, nevertheless, one of those works in which he is most himself, and abounds with indications of his after-style. An elaborate critical analysis of a composition so generally known would be a work of supererogation—unless, indeed, an entirely new view of it were intended to be taken—this we need not say could hardly be compressed within our limits. A few remarks may not, however, be altogether out of place. The opening introduction, in the mysterious key of E flat minor, is highly solemn and impressive—the long recitative of the tenor which follows, is one of the grandest inspirations of Beethoven. It has the lofty aim of depicting the agony of the Saviour of mankind, who, in his sublime beneficence, at once prays to be the sacrifice, and owns the forebodings which await him. The concluding passage is an awful burst of passion. The succeeding air, in C minor, though occasionally recalling to us the duet, "Fuggi crudele," in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, is exceedingly fine; indeed, few things finer could be cited in the entire range of vocal music. The accompaniment is magnificent—admirably in keeping with the solemn grandeur of the situation. The air for soprano, in G major, exhorting mankind to be grateful for the Saviour's goodness, is a gush of melody which only Handel and Mozart have ever equalled. Its range is high, reaching D above the staff, and its proper interpretation requires a vocalist of first-rate power. It has too often been our fate to hear it screamed, rather than sung. This is followed by a four-part

chorus in the same key, with the same lovely *motivo*, the words echoing the sentiment of the air. A duet in A flat, between Christ and the seraph, though less strikingly original, is still full of charming melody. The short chorus in C major, of the soldiers seeking the Saviour, and threatening his death, is essentially dramatic, and shows that Beethoven consented with Handel that the dramatic style was perfectly applicable in the composition of an oratorio; and as, indeed, it is the highest phase of musical as poetical composition, we confess we can see no reason in the arguments of those who forbid its use. Then follows an expressive recitative, descriptive of the beautiful prayer that the Redeemer offers to his Almighty Father, "Yet not my will, but thine be accomplished." To this succeeds the tremendous double chorus in D major, of the disciples and the soldiers. The marvellous individuality given to the two parties is one of the triumphs of musical genius—perhaps, indeed, the most powerful thing in the *Mount of Olives*. The subsequent *trio* in B flat, with Peter, John, and the Seraph, after this wonderful chorus, appears to us somewhat lengthy and tame, though in any other position its beauty could hardly be brought into question. However, the renewal of the mixed chorus of the soldiers and disciples, interspersed with the reproachful admonitions of John, all in concert, though distinctly individualised by the mastery of the composer, restores effectually the flagging interest, and the oratorio winds up splendidly with the noble chorus of angels in C major, in praise of the Redeemer—a chorus of which the majesty and simplicity are equally remarkable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNTERPOINT CONTROVERSY.

No. I.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

"Nature impatient of severe reproof,
Loves mild instruction but abhors the rough."

DEAR SIR,—When I peruse your own articles on music, I am struck with the zeal, impartiality, and ability with which you advocate the cause of art. When I read from your own pen these words—"A journal, if wisely and liberally conducted, can be of essential service to art;" how can I but hope that these sentiments may be most upheld in your own publication, by giving no encouragement to persons "who will distort or pervert the plainest acts, to suit their own ends;" but rather, ever foster "a gentlemanly, enlightened, rational," and "healthy tone of feeling," and inculcate "sound and unbiased opinions among your numerous readers." It is with the hope of arriving at the truth, that I suggest to your correspondents to come forward, prepared, in a *kind spirit*, to answer such questions as I may put to them respecting the study, use, and force of counterpoint, confining themselves solely to each of my questions, without deviating, at all, from the point at issue. I, on the other hand, shall gladly give a rejoinder to any question put to me. This will be a fit mode of discussing theoretical questions, and be a creditable proceeding: one, I think, worthy of any publication. Science is not a matter of personal investigation; it is founded on the unerring truths of nature; by treating it in any other way, we do but show how frail we are, and incompetent to the task of supporting her cause. I conclude this letter by quoting from Stephen Duck, a favourite poet of Queen Caroline's:—

"Thus, in a grateful concert, may we hear
The sounds at once surprise and charm our
ear;

The trembling notes, in hasty FUGUES, arise;
And this advances, ere the former flies;
All seem to be confused, yet all agree,
To perfect a melodious harmony."

Believe me,

Dear sir, ever true,
G. F. FLOWERS.

No. II.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error in your last number;—in a paragraph headed "Important New Works," it is stated that "a new edition of Boyce's Cathedral Music will shortly appear with (for the first time) an organ and pianoforte accompaniment. Now one of the latest, and I may add most valued additions to my musical library, was the beautiful edition recently published by J. A. Novello, in separate parts and with a separate accompaniment by Vincent Novello. Permit me further to trespass on your columns by remarking that I am not yet quite *nauseated* with Mr. Flowers, as your Parisian correspondent says he is. I have taken great interest in the counterpoint question. God speed Mr. Flowers. I fear he will have much to encounter in his contest with "*present interests*." I might compare his position with that of a person who with a torch in his hand has intruded into the dark recesses of a cave,—the abode of bats and other haters of the light;—but I forbear to carry out the allusion. The very character of the opposition he has met with shews that Mr. Flowers is in advance of his age—not so much so however, I hope, to prevent him outliving prejudice and misconception. And even supposing for a moment that he cared nothing for art,—that his only motive was to obtain for himself fame, (notoriety, if you will) is he not treading a less injurious if not an honest or nobler path than the man who seeks to elevate himself and fill his pockets by pandering to a corrupt taste and sacrificing a noble science to the very whim of fashion? Let the opponents of Mr. Flowers evince an hostility to the latter, at least equal to that which they have manifested to the former, otherwise they must excuse us if we attribute to them *certain powerful motives* for writing, or striving to write down the one and letting alone the other. As for myself I wish the contrapuntists and Mr. G. F. Flowers all prosperity, and I intend to imitate your correspondent Mr. Wastfield, and am studying Choron for the purpose of qualifying myself for admission into the society, if Mr. Flowers will permit the honour (for such I should deem it,) to be enjoyed by an amateur.

I remain, Sir,
Your's respectfully,
B. J.

Manchester 28 Oct., 1844.

P.S.—I give my name privately that you may mention you have it, that so I may avoid the censures with which anonymous correspondents on this matter have been castigated.

[We have our correspondent's name and address
E. D. M. W.]

No. III.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Selby, Oct., 28, 1844.

SIR,—In your journal of the 19th of September, I find in the observations of "Musica" upon the letter of G. F. Flowers, statements, which I think, require a little explanation—"Musica" says, "The art of fugue writing does not appear to me by any means, so rare or difficult an acquirement as Mr. G. F. Flowers would infer; nor can I agree with him in attaching so much importance to it, except in certain situations. It is much less difficult to write a perfect or correct fugue than any other class of composition, the laws are so fixed, and the

working so mechanical, that it does not require (and scarcely admit of) any effort of genius." I myself, have made fugue writing an occasional study for several years, and yet, I have always found it a difficult task. "If Musica" would condescend to give a few explanations as to the construction and the working out of a perfect and correct fugue, the various kinds of counterpoint to be employed, what kind of time, measure, and what number of bars;—and whether the subject and counter-subjects are to be inverted, augmented, or diminished; or if "Musica" will furnish the writer with the laws so fixed, and the working so mechanical, that they do not require any effort of genius, he will confer a particular favour on a lover of the science.

I am, Sir, your's
A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Allow me space in your valuable Journal for the following *facts* regarding the state of Church Music in the provinces.

On Sunday morning I attended a parish church, where the organist thought proper to regale us with a voluntary on "*Rousseau's Dream*, with variations." In the afternoon my ears were again scandalized by the *Vesper Hymn* being performed to those solemn words, beginning "*Rock of Ages*."

I think, Sir, you cannot do better than employ your Editorial pen on a lecture to those organists, and I fear there are many, who, forgetting the injunction—"Let all things be done decently and in order," condescend to perform in the church, tunes fitted only for the convent.

I am, sir,
Your's obediently,
AN AMATEUR.

P.S.—I was passing a chapel last Sunday, where I heard "the praises of redeeming love," sung to the *Tyrolese Waltz*.

INTERESTING QUERY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Burslem, Oct. 29th, 1844.

SIR,—You will greatly oblige a subscriber by inserting the following in your valuable *Musical World*, and also your opinion:—BURSLEM—are a man's works, a guarantee of his ability as a thorough musician?

H. M.

[Most assuredly—but what then? ED. M. W.]

SOME GOOD COUNSEL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Appreciation of merit endues me with a spirit on the part of myself and the public generally, to be otherwise than tardy in bearing testimony to your talents, in particular, as an Editor, and therefore, you may not perchance be displeased when you are congratulated on the notification contained in your last number, on your transition from mere Editor to "half-proprietor." If this be satisfactory to yourself Sir, the public also, holding the same interest so far as the success and maintenance of this branch of literature extend, are equally so. Feeling that a two-fold assurance is now given them of the assiduity of your exertions in the right cause—that you have held it a sacred obligation to direct the public taste to the most classical standards, there can be no question of the legitimate tendency of your own pre-possessions. But, perhaps you will excuse me in con-
jecturing that more might have been done, than has been performed. This indisposition however, must now fairly be esteemed as defunct, and the "*Musical World*" steadily, and without misgiving, look (as in the *Fable of the Phoenix*), to its ashes as the source of even more vigorous intellectual displays than your publication has hitherto exhibited. Indeed, you promise thus much by the words, "improvement and extended influence." This is well, nay more, all that is to be desired. At such an era as this, how happy are we, (when general and particular education loves, not merely to exist, but rapidly to progress, and communion of sentiments desire to prevail), since if the period of the revival of letters in Europe was hailed by all wise men, we enjoy, under such auspices, the sun of literature and science in its meridian splendour. But before I close this congratulatory address, I cannot omit to mention that, which in a remarkable degree redounds credit to any man. You have not only (as I have already observed), with a religious and scrupulous care, preserved and furthered classic taste in the arts, but you have been foremost in advocating the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Yet more than all, it will (rely upon it), be a lasting consolation to you, that (in the words of the poet) you have "*Helped young merits into fame*."

I am, your's faithfully,
J. B. CRACKNELL.

Bristol, Oct. 28, 1844.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Princes Street, 5th Nov. 1844.

DEAR SIR,—In your last number but one of the *Musical World*, you kindly named that I was about to publish some works, and in conclusion you said that they were respectively edited by Mr. John Bishop and Mr. James Clarke; pray do me the favour to correct the same, and say, that the whole are edited by Mr. John Bishop, excepting Bertini's method for the piano, and Paganini's method for the violin, which are edited by Mr. James Clarke.

I remain, your's, obliged,
R. COCKS.

REVIEW.

"The Vallies of Devon."—WILLIAM SPARK.—(J. Sykes, Leeds.)

MR. SPARK has very prettily apostrophized his native valley (if it be his native valley) Torquay, in this song, which is an agreeable and singable melody, harmonized with the taste and skill of a musician. There is something of Spohr's feeling in the accompaniment, which, short as it is, contains more than one noticeable point. The interrupted cadence in bar 2—line 2—page 2—is a good thought, nicely managed. The embellishment on the title-page is a sketch of Torquay, of which we admire equally the design and the execution.

"The happy loving bride,"—ALEXANDER LEE.—(J. Sykes.)

MR. Alexander Lee's invention is assuredly inexhaustible. Few composers have written a greater number of popular ballads—

and we are bound to admit that the popularity they have acquired is legitimate. Melody—original melody, has been their staple feature—and what more is required for things of such evanescent quality? The ballad before us can boast of a light and flowing tune in A flat, with an accompaniment, which though unpretending, is neat and irreproachably correct. In the hands of such a ballad-singer as Mrs. Waylett, it could scarcely fail of an encore.

"*Les Soirées*—*Quadrilles*—F. N. ERITH. (Addison and Hodson.)

IF the most desirable quality in quadrilles be rhythmical *tune*—then are we bound to award to Mr. Erith the praise of having manufactured an excellent set. The first figure, in E minor, has an air of bold rusticity—both fresh and characteristic. The third, figure, in A minor, is an elegant pastoral subject, and the *finale* is striking and exhilarating.

"*I think of thee*."—GEORGE E. HAY. (Cramer, Beale, and Co.)

THE melody, in E flat, which is graceful, is supplied by C. F. D. Esq., who need not be ashamed of his name. Mr. Hay has added accompaniments which enrich while they do not obscure the melody. This is altogether a very singable ballad.

"*The Clyde softly flowing*"—A. MITCHELL. (S. Nelson.)

FEELING and musicianship are both evinced in this ballad—the melody of which (in G major) ranges rather high for ordinary vocalists, touching G and A. The accompaniment is brilliant and effective. The lithograph is delicious.

"*New System of Flute Scales*"—M. DE FOLLY. (J. Pask.)

M. DE FOLLY proposes a new system of scale playing, which he has adopted in his own classes, and which he presumes will promote a certainty of intonation. We are not flautists, but a glance at the arrangements, here involved, exhibits to us a philosophical method, which can hardly be founded in error. To give "a stability of intonation" to the player, the notes are arranged in harmonic order—a method we think highly commendable. The reputation of M. de Folly as a master of his instrument will secure attention to his work, independent of its intrinsic merits, which can hardly fail of proving beneficial to students who may adopt his method.

"*Daily pianoforte companion, in the study of the Harmonized Scales*"—MOSCHELES—in two books. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

THE preface to this work merits insertion,

had we space to devote to it, from the sensible and artist-like nature of the maxims it enforces so eloquently. Mr. Moscheles wishes to show the immense importance, to a student of the pianoforte, of the practice of the scales, and, at the same time, dwells upon the not less influential particular of *expression*, without which music is a mere rattle of meaningless sounds. To combine these two *desiderata*, Mr. Moscheles has conceived the happy idea of a series of exercises, in which, while the pupil plays the scales, the master plays a florid, melodious, or harmonious accompaniment—simple, elaborate, or partaking moderately of both qualities, as the case may be. All the varieties of fingering, depending upon the different positions on which the scales may be taken, or on the peculiar *style* of the exercise, are cleverly introduced. Sometimes the choice of two good modes of fingering are offered for the selection of the pupil. Mr. Moscheles justly surmises that his work may be the means of affording "some relief to his professional brethren from the usual tediousness of elementary instruction, by their becoming joint performers with their pupils, and having to interpret all the harmonious combinations, while they guide their pupils in their practical studies." Mr. Moscheles commences by giving each particular scale in its integrity, and afterwards deals with it in notes of every length, and with the assistance of all varieties of rhythm,—sometimes giving it to the bass, and sometimes to the treble. The facility of composition, which Mr. Moscheles possesses in a degree that few can boast, has enabled him to accomplish his proposed task in a highly attractive manner. Fifty nine movements, of infinite variety of character, are made out of these slight materials. Many of them are exceedingly pretty—some of them charmingly quaint and new—and some despite of their brief duration—full of passion and sentiment. From first to last, the sparkle of a rich fancy, and the influence of original thought, are strongly manifest. Our space will not permit of any attempt at a detailed analysis of fifty-nine exercises—let it suffice for us to name, while admitting the merit of all, those which have struck us as particularly new and ingenious. In book I, then, we would cite as instances of our preferences No. 4, a pretty waltz in C major, with the scale in dotted minims—No. 6, a bold melody in A minor, with the scale divided into minims and semiquavers—No. 7, a solemn *preghiera* in A major—No. 8, a delicious *Air*, *a la Savoyarde*, in A minor—No. 11, a spirited *Rondo* in F major—No. 12, a characteristic *Bolero*, full of musicianly skill, in D minor—No. 15, a *Tarantella* in G major, striking though

short—No. 16, a charming *Andantino Cantabile* in E minor—No. 17, a playful *Allegretto Scherzoso*, in the same key—No. 18, an *Andantino Espressivo*, full of graceful and natural melody—No. 19, a superb *Bacchanale*, in B flat, 12-8 time—No. 21, a *Polacca* in G minor—No. 23, a *Galop* in D major—No. 28, a *Marcia*, in E flat, spirited and brilliant—and No. 29, an admirable movement in C minor, entitled "The Tempest," followed by an *Agitato*, in the same key, of no less evident merit. Book II. contains movements of even greater beauty—but to enumerate all we admire would greatly exceed our limits. We must be satisfied to name A *Marcia Funebre* in B flat minor, No. 47—a *Tyrolienne*, in G flat—No. 52—an *Alt Deutsches Lied* in E flat minor, No. 54—an *Agitato* in the same key (a magnificent sketch, replete with noble points of harmony)—a delicious *Allegretto* in F sharp major, No. 57—an *Aria* in A minor, involving an elaborate and masterly treatment of the chromatic scale, No. 58—and lastly, an *Allegro Energico*, in the same key, with a similar intention.

The few words we have been enabled to venture are enough to show our impression that the "Daily Pianoforte Companion," is the work of a master, were it not already understood by the fact of its being a lengthened effort of so justly esteemed a composer as Mr. Moscheles, whose works will go down to posterity with those of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Dussek, Clementi, Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Potter, and Sterndale Bennett, as the best models for future composers for the pianoforte. Whatever really new *lights* may arise, and however the temporary brilliance of novel phases of executive display may for a while dazzle the judgment of *connoisseurs*—we can never forget the high pretensions of Ignace Moscheles as a first rate composer of classical music, and a pianist of a sensibility and power rarely encountered. Let us hope that our remarks may turn the attention of all *thinking* professors of the noblest of instrument, to one of his latest and most useful works. D.

Provincial.

BRISTOL.—In another column will be found an advertisement of issue of the second work of the "Handel Society,"—a society instituted during the past year, for the production of an entire edition of the works of the "Mighty Master." We have been favoured with an inspection of the Coronation Anthems, as a pattern of the style in which they are produced,—they are in full score vocal and instrumental, with an adaptation for the organ and pianoforte, printed upon large size thick folio paper, exceedingly good quality, and clearly engraved; the title page beautifully done, similar to the publications of the Musical Antiquarian So-

ciety. The society numbers on its Committee most of the leading members of the London profession, each work being edited by different individuals. The anthems before us, are by Dr. Crotch, that now advertised by Mr. Moscheles, and we understand the great Mendelssohn has nearly completed the "Israel in Egypt." Each work undergoes a careful revision by the committee, and the various editions and manuscripts existing compared with each other, in order to obtain a thoroughly correct reading; in furtherance of which Her Majesty the Queen has most graciously granted the council access to the original manuscripts of Handel, in the Royal Library. The number of subscribers is limited to one thousand, and there are already upwards of six hundred on the list, so that there is no doubt of obtaining the full complement ere very long.—*Great Western Advertiser*.

BATH.—A concert was given on Friday morning, at the Assembly rooms. The vocalists were Signor and Madame F. Lablache, Miss Steele, and Miss Ley (of this city); the instrumentalists, M. Dohler, Signor Sivori, and Signor Piatti. The solos of Dohler were such as might have been expected from his celebrity. Sivori we have already had occasion to compliment more than once. Piatti on the violoncello, was a rich treat. Signor F. Lablache, as well as his interesting lady, proved themselves worthy of the name. To Miss Steele, as well as Miss Ley, not a little of the effectiveness of the Concert was fairly owing. Miss L. especially, as being one of our local professors, is entitled to honourable mention. Though evidently labouring under a feeling of nervousness (which experience will enable her to overcome), she succeeded in pleasing her audience in "Softly sighs the voice of evening," by Weber, and one of Bellini's cavatinas. Nothing but that entire self-possession which frequent appearances in public can alone bestow, is wanting to place this lady in a high rank in her profession. **HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The second meeting took place on Friday evening; the audience was numerous, and highly pleased with the entertainment. The selection was made by Mr. Miller, who also acted as conductor. Many glees, trios, &c., were admirably sung by Messrs. Miller and Taylor, assisted by two amateurs. The effectiveness of many of the pieces was much indebted to the assistance of Miss Patton and Mrs. Darby. *Bath Gazette*.

MONTROSE.—London is getting extremely thin. The opera closes to-night after a successful season. An anecdote which has occasioned some merriment in the green-room of the latter fashionable edifice may be worth mentioning. On the occasion of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Emperor of Russia, and many other distinguished persons being present, and which was by far the most crowded night which has happened for the last three seasons, Lablache, while in the full enjoyment of his broad and rich humour, applied his finger and thumb to a very elegant diamond snuff box, but instead of placing the portion of its contents to his olfactory organ, it stopped at his mouth, into which he popped it. Such a proceeding occasioned in the audience as much surprise, as laughter, and almost shrieks of merriment were heard from the royal coterie. Lablache was astonished at the risibility he had been the occasion of, but for the life of him he could not divine the cause of a reception so unusually given at that stage of the performance. Upon reaching the green-room he was complimented upon a palpable "hit." Bewilderment succeeded astonishment, and when really assured of his ignorance, it was explained to him, that the snuff and the mouth had been the occasion of it. The fat good humoured man was half frantic. In the box were some pieces of Stolberg's voice lozenges, which he had hitherto taken with his back towards the audience, and nothing but the interference of Mr. Lumley, Lord Gardner, and others, prevented him from rushing back upon the stage

and explaining both to royalty and to the audience.—*Montrose Standard*.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Lover's Irish Evenings.—Mr. Lover made his first appearance in Manchester, at the Athenæum. The theatre was crowded to excess and the audience kept in a roar of laughter by the drollery of Mr. Lover's narrations. But the most attractive part of the entertainment consisted of Irish songs, amongst which were "The birth of St. Patrick," "Widow Machree," "The bould soger boy," and "Rory O'More." Mr. Lover, we see, gives a second entertainment this evening, entitled "Paddy by land and sea."—*Manchester Courier*.

BRIGHTON.—The Messrs. Distin gave their first concert in Brighton last night at the Town Hall, and introduced the new "Saxhorn." Their success was complete. The Saxhorn unites the powers of the French horn to those of the Cornet-a-piston; with the mellowness and sweetness of the former, and the brilliance of the latter, its tone is richer, and less metallic than that of the Cornet-a-piston, though possessing the same flexibility and power of execution. The Misses Smith sang several of their most popular glees, and the concert passed off with eclat.—*Brighton Guardian*.

MAIDSTONE, Nov. 5.—A concert was given last night in the Corn Exchange Rooms, by Mr. Richardson, the flutist, patronized by our Mayor, which was numerously attended. The performances of the beneficeaire on the "Nicholson flute" were rapturously applauded, and the "Nel cor piu" fantasia was encored. A duet, flute and pianoforte, by Richardson and Miss D. Farmer, was brilliantly executed. Mr. Case gave a solo on the concertina, and Mr. Hancock a fantasia on the violoncello, both of which elicited general applause. The vocalists were Miss Sara Flower, the Misses Pyne, and Mr. John Parry, who sang a variety of popular compositions with success. Mr. John Parry was encored in "Fayre Rosamond," and "The Polka explained." Mr. C. Blagrove presided at the pianoforte.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARIS.—The next work to *Marie Stuart* will be an Opera, called *Naim*, by Henri Reber. This step is a wise one on the part of the *Academie*, and will conciliate the "Classics." Reber is one of the most learned and best of modern instrumental performers. He has produced many works of great merit. I believe in England, except a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, nothing is known of him. As a precursor to the operas which Auber and Halévy are preparing for the *Comique*, an old work by Catel, called *Wallace*, with a revised edition of the book, is promised us directly. The grand concert of the "*Association des Artistes Musiciens*" was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princesse de Joinville, and the Duc D'Aumale. The first-named illustrious personages have consented to allow their names to the Society as patrons. Pixis has returned home, restored to health. He will remain here during the winter. Rosenhain has also arrived. Meyerbeer's opera (in three acts, without recitative), composed for the inauguration of the new Musical Theatre at Berlin, has been put into rehearsal. Adrien

Boieldieu's expected opera seems entirely put aside for the present. The book written by Scribe for Benedict was originally intended for Meyerbeer—it is a kind of preface to *Robert le Diable*, and is entitled *Les Nonnes de Robert*. The opera will, I hear, be first represented at Drury Lane. Thalberg has been appointed member of the Academy of Fine Arts in Naples, by a late decree of his Majesty, dated Sep. 21, 1844. Liszt gave his first concert at Madrid on the 26th. The papers overflow with his praises. I have no more to say at present.

M. M.

LEIPSIG.—A correspondent informs us that the symphony of Schubert, which was tried under Dr. Mendelssohn at the Philharmonic, last season, has been performed at the Leipzig *Abonnement Concerts*, lately, with great success, directed by Gade. Gade is the young Danish composer, who owes so much to the patronage of Mendelssohn, and whose symphony in C minor was tried by the Philharmonic band on the same occasion. Our correspondent observes that Gade is a first-rate conductor, and regrets that we lost the opportunity of hearing Schubert's symphony at one of the Philharmonic concerts. Mendelssohn has just composed a violin concerto for David, the violinist (brother to Mad. Duleken), of which the latter thinks most highly.

MENDELSSOHN'S ANTIGONE has been performed forty times in Paris with immense success. It has also been produced with no less eclat at six theatres in Germany.

VERDI'S NEW OPERA, "I due Foscari," will be produced at Rome this month.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The dates of the concerts for the ensuing season are fixed for March 31, April 14 and 28, May 12 and 26, June 9 and 23, July 7. The terms of subscription, &c. are similar to last year. Mr. Newson has been elected an associate.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS.—Of Mr. Phillips' style we can speak in terms of the highest praise—it is pure, elegant, and refined; his voice is cultivated to perfection—its delivery is without effort, the notes rolling forth with delicious smoothness. His enunciation is clear and emphatic; his ornaments (except a too frequent use of the turn, though in the ballads that is a popular characteristic), in good taste, and his shake distinct and even. His voice is a baritone, of beautiful quality and extensive compass, to which he has added, by careful and judicious cultivation, two additional notes higher, a union of the chest and head voices artistically covered. Mr. Phillips is by no means an impassioned singer; on

Begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils his intention of holding A SERIES OF VOCAL REHEARSALS, for the practice of the finest Choral Compositions, of the Ancient and Modern Schools. To secure as well a diversity of interest as an extended range of study, the plan of these Rehearsals will embrace every style of Music recognized as classical, from the Motett's and Oratorios of SEBASTIAN BACH and HANDEL, through the Masses of HAYDN, MOZART, and BEETHOVEN, to the Cantatas and Dramatic Works of MENDELSSOHN and SPHAR. The Meetings will take place at MR. SMART'S RESIDENCE, 35, HOWLAND STREET, FITZROY SQUARE; will commence on WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1844, at eight o'clock precisely, and be continued every alternate Wednesday at the same hour, until Wednesday May 7th, 1845, forming a Course of Fourteen Rehearsals. Terms of Subscription, One Guinea per Quarter of Seven Evenings, payable in advance.

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| 7 Jerusalem, thou that kildest the prophets..... | 1 6 |
| 8 Stone him to death (Chorus)..... | 2 0 |
| 11 Happy and blest are they..... | 2 0 |
| 13 Consume them all..... | 2 0 |
| 15 But the Lord is mindful of His own..... | 1 6 |
| 16 Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling (Chorus)..... | 1 6 |
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| 23 Now we are ambassadors (Duet)..... | 1 0 |
| 26 How lovely are the messengers (Chorus)..... | 2 0 |
| 27 I will sing of thy great mercies..... | 1 6 |
| 29 O thou the true and only light (Chorus)..... | 1 0 |
| 30 But Paul and Barnabas..... | 2 0 |
| 31 For so hath the Lord (Duet)..... | 2 0 |
| 35 Oh! be gracious, ye immortals (Chorus)..... | 2 0 |
| 36 Know ye not that ye are His temple..... | 2 0 |
| 40 Be thou faithful unto death (with Violoncello Obligato)..... | 1 6 |
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OPINION OF THE *Morning Post*.
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"The annals are the ambassadors of Christmas. They bring with them visions of a pleasant time not far off. Pinn-pudding and snap-dragon, and a merry country dance, and blind-man's-buff, and all the agreeable auxiliaries of the most comfortable season of the English year—all the delightful jollities with which we *fele* the departure of the old year, as of an ancient and cherished friend—are typified plainly on the face of them. We love to look upon their gaudy trappings, swaggering and glittering with such infinity of promise—we love no less to glance through their, but too often, empty interiors, answering us good naturedly with a smile redolent of nothing. But the whole matter is a pleasant jest, and should be welcomed with open arms by all who love a show of happiness that comes but 'once a year.' A true philosopher enjoys a pantomime—a fact pleasantly memorialized by Leigh Hunt, in one of the admirable papers of his 'Indicator'—and why should we not equally enter into the spirit of an annual. It means nothing—it is nothing—it ought to be nothing, but a sign of the time, an emblazoned record of an annual merriment. To those who do not side with us, we recommend a perusal of the works of the most natural and humanizing of England's poets, who have often and clearly demonstrated, that not to be happy and thoughtless, not to have a heart full of love and welcome for everything and nothing, at the 'jolly Christmas time,' indicates strongly a want of heart altogether. The Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir, is annually one of the pearls of its merry tribe—and its contributions for the leisure time of 1845, are no less than ever attractive. Its covering and embellishments—its emblazoning, its lithographing, and what-not are of a splendour which at once dazzles the eye, and leads the understanding, in chains, to offer homage at its shrine. The pencil of the polypictorial Brandard—the graphic genius of the music-shops—has seldom been employed to more advantage. It is no small compliment to say of him that he is an artist in spite of *metley*—gold and tinsel become plastic under his magic wand; and he fairly converts the most trivial materials into objects worthy the admiration of all gazers. His 'Evening at Naples,' 'Reconciliation,' and his 'Ma Normandie,' are master-pieces in their way. Nor is he slightly indebted to the careful press of Hanhart, who, in the department of musico-annual lithographic-impression, is without a rival. The musical contributions of this year, in a great measure, scoff at our impeachment of emptiness. Some of the pieces, vocal and instrumental, are really charming. A *dis-ritement*, 'An Evening in Naples,' by Charles Glover, is full of Italian feeling—the *tarantella* is as good as almost anything of its kind. Some polkas, and a *capatina*, 'Merry is the Greenwood,' by Stephen Glover, are also well worthy mention. A vocal duet, 'We were children together, by George Macfarlane (a classical name for an album), to which words full of natural sentiment have been wedded by Desmond Ryan, is an exquisite *morceau*, instinct with pure melody and musician-like harmony. Besides these we may notice a pretty ballad, 'The Widow and her child,' by Edward Loder, in his most catching style; a very graceful song, 'Flow, Rio Verde,' by Thomas Baynam, a name new to us; a touching ballad, 'The Song of the Past,' written and composed by Mr. Charles Jefferys, the intelligent editor of the annual; a lively *Morceau*, by Fleche; a clever song, 'Laugh, lady, laugh,' by Montgomery; another of no less merit, by Louis Leo, 'Gliding o'er the moonlit ocean;' and an excellent set of quadrilles, by Camille Schubert, with the emblematical nomenclature of 'La Rose,'—besides many other items of assured merit, which our space, unfortunately, will not allow us to particularize. In fine, of the kind of publication which it affects to emulate, we have met few more worthy general attention than 'A Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir,'—a seemly and valuable Christmas present for any young lady who may be inclined to accept it of any young gentleman who may feel prompted to make an offer.

JEFFERYS & CO., 21, Soho Square.

London.—G. FURNESS, at the "Musical World" Office, 60, Dean Street, Soho, where communications for the Editor, and works for Review, and Advertisements should be sent.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, 5, Paternoster Row; MITCHELLSON, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; and the following Music Sellers:—Chappell, New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., Regent Street; Cocks & Co., Princes Street; D'Almaine, Soho Square; Duff & Hodgson, Oxford Street; and may be had on order of all respectable Music and Booksellers. Printed and Published by THOMAS HARRIS, of 11, Great Ducal Lane, Friday Street, at 1 & 1½, Duffel Court, in the parish of St. Olave, Silver Street, in the City of London. Thursday Nov. 7, 1844.